DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 24. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1881. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

A GLOOMY RAMBLE.

Probably it is not often you see a more striking figure than I beheld one summer morning as I looked into a glass in one of the small rooms adjoining the famous London Guildhall.

I had often heard a good deal of the drainage system of London, and I had come for the purpose of seeing a little of it by actually exploring as much as I could manage to get through in a morning's ramble. So I had put myself in the hands of a party of sewersmen in the employ of the city authorities. They took off my boots and encased my legs—trousers and all—in a pair of stout leathern articles that might almost serve for boots and trousers too—stiff, heavy, greasy affairs, made to keep out any amount of water. Then I was coaxed and squeezed and wriggled into a tight blue guernsey, and over all came a coarse blue blouse, fastened round the waist with a leather strap. A pair of thick gloves and an old "sou'-wester" hat, and there I was—a complete sewersman, and, I was bound to confess as I eyed myself in the glass, about as odd-looking an old figure of fun as you would meet with in a day's march.

"Yer own twin-brother wouldn't know 'ee, sir," one of my companions declared, and I was rather glad to hear it, especially when I found that instead of creeping down into the sewers I had come to explore somewhere just outside the premises, as I had expected, our party had to go half a mile or so through the crowded streets of the city. Perhaps I looked as though I had borrowed somebody's clothes, perhaps it was that I couldn't altogether resist a disposition to grin as I went along at finding myself in such toggery out in the public streets by day; but, whatever it was, it is a fact that I made a little sensation as I went along, and people turned to look at me as though I were some stranger from a foreign land.

I was not sorry, therefore, when we came to a door under one of the arches of the Holborn Viaduct, and we made our way into a kind of ante-chamber to the sewers below. Here we are provided with sticks with candles at the end, and down, down, down we go, by a narrow flight of stone steps, at the bottom of which a tiny black stream is creeping along a channel, beside which is a convenient pathway, which we follow until the stream disappears beneath a small archway.

"Will you go under, sir?" enquires our leader, preparing to step into the stream.

"I think not, thank you," is the reply; "I should like to get back into daylight presently, so I think I won't try that little passage."

My stalwart companions would have dived through it unhesitatingly, and laughed at my refusal. This was the newer part of the city system of drains, and only a few houses were discharging their drainage into it. So after a little further wandering we got back into daylight, and proceeded to one of the square iron gratings that may be seen anywhere in the London pavements. The grating was thrown up, and down we went, one after the other, by means of rings fixed in the brickwork. Our candles were relighted, and we set out along some of the older drains—no convenient footways here, but plump into the middle of the stream we have to plunge, thus making the utility of stout waterproof leggings very apparent.

In the sides of the sewer as we go along, the trapped pipes from the houses above are pouring down their contributions to the surging flood, which sweeps along as if eager to find a way out of the horrid gloom.

How often it happens that we depend for our comfort and well-being upon those of whom we never think and of whose existence we are scarcely aware. Here is a vast underground maze of thoroughfares, in which hundreds of men are every day engaged, just as regularly as others are employed in workshops above, but few ever think of them. We pour a pail of water into the "sink," and it never occurs to us to consider that in order that that water may run off satisfactorily through the drains below it is absolutely necessary that somebody shall be down at the bottom of that drain-pipe to keep the channel clear and in good repair. That, at any rate, is the case in London. The "City" of London comprises just about one square mile, and has somewhere about forty-eight miles of streets and fifty miles of drains beneath them. Some thirty men are regularly employed in wandering through these subterranean galleries, keeping the course clear and making necessary repairs.

IN THE LONDON SEWERS.

It would naturally be supposed that the air down in these channels would be intolerably foul and offensive. I do not find it so, however. The smell is peculiar—a sour, pungent odor is the prevailing one in most parts, and it is said that the workmen down in the sewers do not appear to suffer much in health from their existence here. Here and there we meet with strong and almost overpowering odors. In passing through a sewer beneath a chemical factory or a paraffin oil warehouse, for instance, this is the case, and there are portions of these gloomy galleries in which heavy and deadly gases are apt to accumulate, to the great peril of human life. Several instances have been known in which men have found themselves in the midst of a deadly atmosphere in which they have sunk down and died. A noble rescue was effected, not a great while ago, by a brave fellow whose comrade had been thus overtaken, and who ventured into a sewer, at the risk of his own life, to drag out the insensible form of his companion, which he happily did.

We stand there for a while, a strange-looking group of mortals, more than knee-deep in the stygian flood, and a shudder runs through me as I think of the consequences that might ensue if, while we had been groping our way down in this nether world, a thunderstorm should have gathered overhead and should suddenly have poured down a deluge of water.

"Do you never run any risk in this way?" I asked a sewersman, on another occasion.

"Risk! well, yes; I reckon I've run a good deal in my time," was the reply. "You're busy about your work and don't think much about the weather till, when you least expects it, you finds the stream risin', and the gullies pouring down pretty hard. You must make for up stairs then pretty smart, or it'll soon be all over with 'e. I remember once being caught in an awk'ard place—me and a mate—and before we could get to land the drain filled right up to the crown. Of course our lights were out, and we had to go right through it, head and all."

It is a repulsive way of earning a living, and as I emerge again into the world of sunshine and fresh air, I feel deeply thankful that I am not a regular hand, but only an amateur sewersman.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

Temperance Department.

A BOY ABSTAINER.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

One hundred years ago our boy abstainer was four years old. His name was John and, if you have read much of Arctic travel and adventure, you have doubtless heard of him as "Sir John Ross." You may never have thought of his being an abstainer, however. The narrators of Arctic travel do not always put that in, or if they do they say so little about it that you hardly notice it. But Sir John Ross has taken some pains to write about it himself; he thought it worth his while, and some day soon the world will be of the same opinion; that is if we do our part in talking about such matters.

He went as a sailor when he was only ten years old, and kept at it until he became an officer of some note, and then he was knighted for his faithful services—became "Sir John Ross." He does not tell us when he became an abstainer. They had no Bands of Hope in those days, and indeed no temperance societies such as we know. Possibly he was born an abstainer and always lived as such, and that is the way it should be. The children are nearly all on the right side at first, and if they use their powers of observation to as good purpose as John Ross did they will remain so. Hear what he says of himself when he started out at ten years:

"I went to Greenock, and was bound apprentice for four years, during which time I made three voyages to the West Indies and three to the Baltic. I had, therefore, a good opportunity of observing the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors in both climates. My first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and several of the crew died."

The West Indies have from the first been noted as very unhealthy. Strangers are often struck down with typhoid fever or yellow fever, and live but a short time. It was supposed to be owing to the climate, and strangers were warned that they must be very careful about exposure to the sun and to night air, about eating fruit and vegetables, and especially that they must take some kind of spirits very freely.

What did our young abstainer do? None of these things. He says: "Excepting that I never drank spirits, I took no care of myself. I was exposed to the burning sun, slept on deck in the dew, and ate fruit without feeling any bad effects. I soon lost my hat and shoes, and ran about bareheaded and barefooted; but I never tasted spirits, and to this alone do I attribute the extraordinary good health I enjoyed." He certainly was a tough boy; perhaps he had abstaining parents and so inherited a better constitution than many of us. We hardly know yet what we might be able to do if we inherited no effects of alcoholic poison from our ancestors. It might not be necessary to follow fully the example of the future Sir John, though, truth to tell, the free exposure to the open air of itself goes far to make one tough. After having spent the summer in hot Jamaica, he spent the winter in cold St. Petersburg, Russia, and with the same hardihood.

"I was running about bareheaded and barefooted on the ice, but I never tasted spirits." He cared no more about spirits for keeping out the cold than for keeping out the malaria of hot climates.

"My next voyages were to the Bay of Honduras and alternately to the Baltic. (Look these up on the map, please.) On the last voyage to Honduras all the common sailors, twelve in number, died, and I was the only person that went out in the ship who came home alive, which I attribute entirely to my abstaining from spirituous liquors."

Probably, then, it was the drinking of these liquors that killed the others. There was a fearful amount of drinking in those days, especially drinking for medicine. Almost everybody drank to keep themselves well, and when sick they drank to make themselves well. We scarcely ever hear of such a case now where an entire crew is taken off either by sickness or drink; but you see this happened twice to the ships in which John Ross sailed while he was yet a boy. Let people who ask what we have gained by temperance think over such narratives as these. These were no mere boy's stories; they were written out when the boy had become an earnest Christian man, noted and respected, and who had gained much renown by his Arctic expeditions.

These notable expeditions occupied four years, from April, 1829, to October, 1833. He kept up his total-abstaining still on this trip, and found it as great an advantage as ever. He was the oldest person on the expedition by twenty years, and all but three were thirty years younger than himself, for he was now between sixty and seventy. Too old, some would say, for the commander of such an undertaking, and yet he stood the cold and endured the fatigue better than any of those younger persons. How was this? He himself gives the reason—they "all made use of tobacco and spirits," and he used neither. He was the only one of them all who did not have sore eyes.

It is a question that every young man who aims at endurance and achievement should ask himself: "Will he not do well to lay hold upon these simple and rational means to help his steps to fortune?"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE CITY OF MANYSUCH.

I had but lately reached this large and flourishing city when one morning a friend came for me in his carriage to show me some of its beauties, and the signs of its prosperity. We drove slowly through the streets. Ships were loading and unloading at the wharves: long trains of cars were running to and fro, carrying all kinds of merchandise; waggons and trucks, so numerous as to seem at first glance in a hopeless tangle, threaded their way through the streets. Throngs of people passed continuously over the sidewalks, and the air was full of the cries of men vending their goods. The business houses were doing a great deal of work, judging from the number of people rushing into and out of them. A busier scene could scarcely be imagined. Most of the stores had plate-glass windows through which they displayed their wares; but here and there on each block I noticed a building which had its windows and doors screened. I had the usual reluctance of strangers in a city to ask questions, and trusted to time to satisfy my curiosity in regard to these places. The residence part of the city next claimed my attention. Everywhere handsome houses, beautiful yards and prosperous looking people. Occasionally we drove through neighborhoods not only uninviting but repulsive; dingy, tumble down buildings, no fences, no yards and not a spear of grass, but at every corner stood the mysterious room with the screened doors and windows. Leaving these squalid places it was good to get out on the main streets again. We passed a large stone building with high steps and grated windows.

"This," said my friend, "is the gaol."

"What is it for?" I enquired.

"For criminals—forgers, thieves, murderers, burglars, &c. There is a gallows in the gaol-yard on which to hang murderers."

"It scarcely seems possible that in so beautiful and prosperous a city you should need such instruments of punishment."

"It would not be possible except for one thing," replied my friend.

"And what is that?"

"You will learn presently."

Having now left the heart of the city, we passed several fine buildings, which my friend named as the reform school, the lunatic asylum, the workhouse, the inebriate asylum, &c. The uses of all these were mysteries to me, and I waited with impatience till he should be ready to explain. By and by we saw walking before us on the road two young men, swinging their canes and singing at the top of their voices, though their utterance was very thick and indistinct. They had full, red faces, and walked unsteadily.

"They have been drinking beer. That comes first," said my friend.

Later on we met a man, or a thing wearing the semblance of a man, who was beating unmercifully a little child that cried pitifully to us for help. We stopped, took the child in, and carried him some distance, letting him down near his home, a filthy hovel. He said his father had been drinking whiskey. Turning, we retraced our steps, and halted a moment in front of the inebriate asylum. A covered waggon was just driving into the gate. From it resounded the most frantic and heart-rending screams.

"What can be the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Some poor fellow has drunk himself into delirium tremens, and they are taking him here to be taken care of," was the answer.

"He fancies he sees snakes and wild beasts and devils coming after him, and it takes several men to hold him during these paroxysms."

"Is it a common case?" I enquired, horror-struck.

"Only too common," was the reply.

We drove through districts where my friend said it would be foolhardy to come unarmed even in daylight. I became used to seeing men leaning against lamp-posts talking incoherently, or on rickety fences fast asleep and in danger of falling, or stretched out on the edge of dirty sidewalks, the sun shining hot upon their bloated cheeks, red noses and bleared eyes, their dirty, shabby garments, and generally upon a black bottle protruding from their pockets.

"You see," said my friend, "this city may seem like a paradise, but like paradise, 'the trail of the serpent is over it all.' There is a worm at the heart of our prosperity that will some time gnaw to the surface—that has gnawed to the surface in some places. Liquor is the bane of the people of this city. From beer and light wines to the strongest whiskey and gin, the progress is rapid and sure. It is these that fill the gaols, the reform schools, the lunatic asylums, the inebriate homes and the gallows."

"And where do the people get these dangerous spirits? I should think it would be made a crime to sell them."

"They get them on every corner, in all those rooms with screened doors, and the only thing that the city does to protect itself is to charge each man who keeps a saloon a fee small in proportion to his sales. The revenue derived from these places is one of the reasons urged for not closing them by law, and the city takes the revenues, and after adding to them a much larger sum from the pockets of her sober citizens, builds asylums, homes, gaols, &c., which had scarcely been required but for the work of these corner rooms. That is our idea of economy."

We drove back by the same streets; but now the city, under its surface of thrift and prosperity, was to me a great mill, in which the lives, energies, hopes and happiness of its people were being gradually ground to naught.—*Exchange.*

DR. TALMAGE AND TOBACCO.

Of his first pipe Dr. Talmage says: "My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. I sat down under the bridge, and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of my money; but I was obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where I threw it, in case I felt better the next day. Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that I state what kept me so late, and what was the matter with me. Not feeling that I was called upon to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. I had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar. Being naturally reticent, I have never mentioned it until this time. But how about my last cigar? It was three o'clock Sabbath morning in my Western home. I had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time I wrote my sermons, and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. I thought I was getting the inspiration from above, but was getting much of it from beneath. My hand trembled along the line, and, strung up to the last tension of nerves, I finished my work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over, and, although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to my excited system like the crack of a pistol. As I went down the stairs their creaking made my hair stand on end. As I flung myself on a sleepless pillow, I resolved, God helping, that I had smoked my last cigar, and committed my last sin of night study. I kept my promise. . . . The first cigar made me desperately sick; the throwing away of my last made me gloriously well. For the croaking of the midnight owl had ceased, and the time of the singing birds had come."—*Good Templars' Watchword.*

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine, give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? That is the question; and the answer decides a child's character for this life and the life to come. Who wins? Stand up for duty; down with sin. Wrestle with temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.—*N. Y. Observer.*

HOMŒOPATHIC OR ALLOPATHIC.

BY T.

They say there is a poisonous serpent lurking in every glass of whiskey and that it will bite any who may drink of it. It is claimed also that the best known cure for a snake bite is this same whiskey! If the quantity to be taken to effect a cure were not so large, it would seem to be a clear case of homœopathic treatment, for "Like cures like." The inveterate drinker undoubtedly argues thus: "Every glass I drink contains a serpent that bites me. Every time I'm bitten, I must drink another glass to cure the previous bite. Having been so unfortunate as to drink the first glass, I cannot now stop, if I do it will be sure death!"

CHILDREN POISONED WITH TOBACCO.—In one of the schools of Brooklyn a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale and he had nervous twitchings. He was obliged to quit school. Enquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears and said that he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious, and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous, system, the memory, the power of application, are all impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette" is, really, "It is nothing but poison." German and French physicians have protested against it, and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a Royal Eye Infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Teachers, save the children from this vice if possible! Do not allow them to be deceived. In future years they will rise up and bless you for it.—*Christian Magazine.*

I GROUP ALCOHOL, opium and tobacco together, as alike to be rejected, because they agree in being poisonous in their natures. In popular language alcohol is placed among the stimulants, and opium and tobacco among the narcotics, the ultimate effect of which upon the animal system is to produce stupor and insensibility. Tobacco excites nausea, vomiting, dizziness, indigestion, mental dejection, and, in short, the whole train of nervous complaints.—*Professor Hitchcock.*

A PROMINENT tobacco manufacturer is reported to have said: "Nothing ever goes into tobacco as deleterious or injurious to the human constitution as tobacco itself."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHRISTMAS WORK FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Little Americans will no doubt be glad to hear what English children make for their parents and friends when Christmas and birthdays come. The value of the gift consists, in the amount of loving thought and painstaking which has gone to make it, and not in the fact of its costliness, and there are many home-made gifts that are within the scope of little fingers. Often two or more children unite in making one present, each doing what is most suitable to its age and sex. Thus a shoe-bag, to hang within the closet door to hold mamma's slippers and shoes, will be cut out and basted by one sister, sewed and bound with braid by a younger one, and then embroidered or braided on each pocket by the elder.

Again boxes of plain white wood are fitted up for different purposes: a clever brother with his box of tools makes a tray with divisions for laces and ribbons, or arranges it to hold small garden tools—hammer, pincers, scissors, &c., being fastened by leather straps inside the lid, and the lower part divided into compartments holding nails, tacks, twine, labels, strips of leather, and so on. A grown-up sister then decorates the outside by hand-painting, or by simply drawing a monogram or initials, and staining the background black. The initials may be left plain white, or painted red or gold, as wished. A good effect is produced by drawing a border and centre piece on the lid, and four medallions on the sides, painting these in Chinese white, with black lines where required in drapery, foliage, &c., and filling in the background with black. The outlines must be kept very distinct, and when well done it looks like antique ebony with ivory inlaying. Sometimes the boxes are lined with silk and covered outside with brocade, hand-painted or embroidered silk, velvet, or plush, cut to fit, and gummed round the edges and at each corner. Chenille cord or ruches of lace and ribbon are nailed round the edges.

Fretwork is used in many ways. A pretty gift made by a son lately was two table-tops of colored woods inlaid. Two thin rounds of wood of different colors were procured of the proper size; these were pasted together, and on one a large circular design was drawn, covering the surface to within about two inches of the edge; this was then cut out by the fret-saw, the pieces taken out and separated. The two woods were then inlaid into one another, dark into light, light into dark forming a pair of table-tops in reversed colors. These were afterward mounted by a carpenter on deal, and French polished. By using three slabs of wood, say black, white and red, greater variety may be given, and three tables produced with little more labor.

Large scrap-books of brown linen, each sheet three feet by four, the edges bound with red braid, the sheets folded in half like foolscap paper, and placed one within the other to form a book, are never-ending sources of delight to a nursery. The covers may have all the youngsters' names in red braid or wool, and the date. Inside, newspaper and colored scraps suited to infantine taste. A new idea is that of a comical scrap-book. These are usually of small size, and are made by combining bits of many pictures to illustrate well known nursery rhymes. Thus a large Irish potato, cut from the colored illustrations in a gardener's catalogue, was ornamented with the celebrated butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, the opposite page containing the same three little men, with cleaver, rolling-pin and candlestick used as oars, seated in a tub, taken from a house furnisher's list. Little Miss Muffet, the Man in the moon, Jack and Jill, the Cat and the fiddle—all the nursery favorites—give delight to donors and recipients alike. A few water-color touches may be given here and there to help out the picture.

Sets of animals, soldiers, &c., can be made by buying sheets of the beautifully colored chromo animals and figures sold so cheaply, pasting the whole sheet on card-board, and, when dry—they should be pressed under a heavy weight—cutting them out carefully. Behind the figures, at the feet, a small block of wood should be firmly glued. Any carpenter's shop will provide you with hundreds of suitable bits, which can be sawed to the proper size and planed smooth at home. Thus the animals and figures will stand firm, and can be placed in any desired array.

Model gardens, lawns and farms can be made by little hands with suitable material. Two feet square of stout brown card-board makes a good foundation for any of these, and the remaining materials are dried mosses, grasses, glue, sand, tiny pebbles, a Swiss chalet, box of sheep, cows, farm buildings, palings, &c., such as come in the German wooden toy boxes.

For a private residence, the design is first decided upon, where the house shall stand, what shape the grass-plot shall be, whether the paths shall wind, &c. A sloping hill, with drive winding up to a Swiss chalet on the top, can be made of a block of virgin cork, properly shaped, and covered with stones and moss glued on. For grass-plots a mixture of dyed and plain dried moss is the best, rubbed small and dusted over the desired space, which must be previously coated over with glue. The drives and paths are glued and sanded. While the glue of the lawns is still wet you must not begin making the paths, or else your grass-plots will be undesirably gritty, and would ruin any lawn-mower that ever was made.

With a small piece of broken mirror you can form an enchanting pond for toy swans to float upon. A few bits of broken cork, with grasses growing (in glue) in the cracks, will make a fine edge for it. Trees, if not included in any of the toy boxes, may be made of dyed or dried trembling or other grasses, or of tiny sprigs of evergreen, glued on to little round bases of wood, like those on which wooden soldiers always grow.

For a farm, the fields are made of rather rougher and longer moss than the lawns, and stocked with sheep feeding, cows standing under the trees, farm buildings, hay waggons cut out of cardboard, painted, and filled with real hay or straw, and a hay-stack. Fencing can be made by taking a narrow strip of wood of the required length, and gluing wire netting, twigs, crossed hair-pins, &c., along one edge of it. Summer-houses can be made of small twigs, rustic benches and many other things which will suggest themselves to the ingenious architect and landscape gardener as the work proceeds.

Novel match stands are made of large fir cones. A pedestal is made by three stout twigs bound together in the middle by fine wire, forming a double tripod. The upper one holds the fir cone strongly glued to it. Both the cone and the pedestal are touched up by dashes of Chinese white and vermilion paint, and then varnished. When dry, the cone is stuck full of wax matches, and looks something like a porcupine.

Packets of neatly printed labels, either done with a pen or a toy printing-press, will prove a great blessing to mamma. These should be neatly cut out, and have one or two thick lines ruled around them to give them a finish. Names of jams, preserves, pickles, fish, potted meats, spices, common household drugs, and also poison labels, for the various vessels containing such as are in common use. Yards of tape, with the family name written or printed in indelible ink innumerable times, to be cut and sewed on to garments, are also a boon to a busy mother.

Wooden pails with covers, painted in designs of flowers on a solid color, and lined with quilted or gathered silk, with ribbon ruching at the edge, are used for work-baskets to stand by a chair, or to carry balls on to the lawn-tennis ground. They are sometimes covered outside as well as inside with satin and silk.

Sticking-plaster cases, book-markers, boxes for sewing silks, and many pretty trifles can be made of gold or silver, perforated card-board and chenille. A collection of sewing silks is always a useful gift, and one within the powers of small people. Simple little cases may be made from a half-yard strip of reversible ribbon three and a half inches wide. A durable color should be chosen for the outside, such as olive green or brown, with pale pink or primrose for the inside. Turn down each side of the ribbon about half an inch, as though for a hem, and stitch down at intervals of an inch and a quarter thirteen times, forming twelve shallow pockets on each side, in which the cards of silk are placed. A small length of ribbon will be left at one end, which must be formed into a pointed flap, with narrow ribbon attached, to wrap round the case and tie in a bow. The case should be folded inward and outward, like a fan, the backs of the divisions coming together and the faces likewise.

Another silk case is made of kid or leather, silk-lined and ribbon-bound, and shaped like an eight-rayed star-fish, with an octagon body, all being cut in one. The sides of the octagon must be a little longer than the spools of silk, and the rays leaf-shaped. Eighty brass eyelets are button-holed with silk to match the lining, and sewed to the octagon opposite the division of each leaf, and the spools are laid between these eyelets parallel with the bases of the leaves; a narrow ribbon is threaded through eyelets and spools, and tied. When closed, each ray is folded in rotation over the spools, the last being ribbon strings to tie and keep all in place.

Old kid gloves may be used to make spectable rubbers, so welcome to the old folks. Cut four circles of card-board about the size of a fifty-cent piece; cover two with kid, padding slightly with cotton-wool, and two with silk, which may be plain, or have monogram or butterfly painted or embroidered. Sew the circles together, pincushion fashion, kid one side and silk the other; having added a small eyelet to each, attach them, kid inside, by narrow ribbon.

A sponge case may be made of a nine-inch square of leather, lined with oil-silk and bound by braid, with a little coarse embroidery in wools, or chain or feather stitching, ornamenting it. A piece of braid a yard long should be sewn by the ends to opposite corners (obliquely) of the square. Treat the other pair of corners the same way, and suspend the case by these long loops to the end of the towel rail. When required for travelling, fold the case like an envelope over the sponge, and tie the braid round it.

HOW TO TREAT FROST-BITES.

If any part of the body gets frozen, the very worst thing to do is to apply heat directly. Keep away from the fire. Use snow if you can get it; if not use the coldest possible water. Last winter our little boy of five years froze his feet while out coasting at considerable distance from the house. He cried all the way home, and the case seemed pretty bad. I brought a big panful of snow and put his feet into it, rubbing them with the snow. But my hands could not stand the cold. I was alarmed to see him keep his feet in the snow so long, but he could not bear them out of it. It was half an hour before he would take them out, and then the pain was all gone, and when I had wiped them dry and rubbed them a little, he was entirely comfortable, put on his stockings and shoes, and went to play. He never afterward had any trouble with his feet on account of this freezing. His sister got her feet extremely cold, and put them at once to the fire. Her case at first was not so bad as her brother's, but the result was much worse. Her feet were very tender all winter, and she suffered from chilblains. Her toes had a swollen purple look, and she had to take a larger size of shoes.—*Faith Rochester.*

English Oatmeal Porridge and Gruel.—English oatmeal porridge is made by mixing equal quantities of oatmeal and flour together before adding them to the milk or water used for making the porridge. The same mixture of flour and oatmeal makes an excellent gruel, the proper proportions being one dessert spoonful each of meal and flour, mixed with half a pint of cold milk, and then stirring these ingredients into a pint of boiling milk, slightly salted, and boiling the gruel in a double kettle for twenty minutes, stirring it often enough to keep it smooth.

Physicians' Formula for Oatmeal Gruel.—Boil one ounce of oatmeal in three pints of boiling water, until the water is reduced one-third in quantity; then strain and cool the gruel, let it settle and pour it carefully away from the sediment; use it hot or cold, with sugar and wine, if desired. Sometimes the physician permits the addition of a couple of tablespoonfuls of raisins to the gruel while it is boiling; the effect of a few raisins is gently laxative, and if they are used in excess they frequently cause indigestion and flatulence.

A Good Recipe for Buns.—One pound of flour, quarter pound of butter, half pound of lump sugar, half pound of currants, quarter of a candied lemon, one dessert spoonful of baking powder, one gill of cold milk, two eggs. Rub the butter into the flour first, and then mix all together.

PUZZLES.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

The centre represents a poem; the initials of the surrounding objects, its author.

ANAGRAMMATIC SPELLING LESSON.

Arrange these letters so that they will form words agreeing with the accompanying definitions:

Lossinhe—Goodness.
Caalihm—An Old Testament prophet.
Baarleenct—A place of worship.
Millaage—A member of the Sanhedrim.
Baahukkk—A prophet.
Tiimluyh—Lowliness.
Iraaams—A city of Palestine.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. To speak falsely.
3. To burn with unsteady light.
4. A precious stone.
5. Vast.
6. The close or conclusion.
7. A consonant.

BEHEADINGS.

A vessel and leave a passage.
Fat and leave a cluster.
Lustre and leave damage.
A mineral and leave a disease of the back.
To baptize and leave to push.
A boat and leave a tool.
A slow insect and leave a small measure.
A pledge and leave beard.
Gaping and leave a sun-screen.

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

Four little letters me compose,
  And firstly, I'm a place;
You find me on some people's clothes,
  And on the sun's bright face.

Now, read me backward, and you'll find
  That I delight all boys;
Twist round my letters, and a word
  You say to check their noise.

This last read backward, you will find
  In kitchens where you go;
Twist round again, and but for me,
  This puzzle you'd ne'er know.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF DECEMBER 1.

Personages.—Robinson Crusoe, Rip van Winkle, Ferdinand and Isabella, Sir Walter Raleigh, Diogenes.

Transpositions.—1, Ebal. 2, Labe. 3, Bela—changed to Zoar (Gen. 14: 2; 19: 22). 4, Elba. 5, Abel. 6, Ebla. 7, Bale. 8, Able. 9, Blea.

Accidental Hidings.—Ruth, Dora, Diana, Lena, Nora.

Phonetic Charades.—1, Caf, are—catarrh. 2, Nap, kin—napkin. 3, Mere, sham—meerschaum. 4, Abess, in, Ia—Abyssinia.

Metamorphoses.—I. Dusk: 1 Rusk. 2 Rust. 3 Rest. 4 Nest. 5 Neat. 6 Seat. II. House: 1 Horse. 2 Corse. 3 Curse. 4 Crust. 5 Burst. 6 Burnt. 7 Burns. 8 Barns. 9 Bares. 10 Bores. 11 Cores. 12 Coves. 13 Cover. 14 Hover. 15 Hovel. III. Warm: 1 Worm or Ward. 2 Word. 3 Wold or Cord. 4 Cold. IV. Curd: 1 Cord. 2 Corn. 3 Coin. 4 Chin. 5 Thin. 6 Then. 7 When or They. 8 Whey. V. Dog: 1 Don. 2 Den. 3 Hen. VI. Cloth: 1 Clots. 2 Coots. 3 Copts. 4 Copes. 5 Capes. 6 Caper. 7 Paper. VII. Pond: 1 Pone. 2 Lone. 3 Lane. 4 Lake. VIII. Coal: 1 Cool. 2 Wool. 3 Wood. IX. Awake: 1 Aware. 2 Sware. 3 Swart. 4 Swapt. 5 Swept. 6 Sweet. 7 Sweep. 8 Sleep. X. Boy: 1 Toy. 2 Ton. 3 Tan. 4 Man. XI. Seas: 1 Leas. 2 Less. 3 Lest. 4. Lent. 5 Lend. 6 Land.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

THE PROMISED HOME.

"Poor little dears," she said to the butler, who like herself had lived many years with Sir Henry, "they are quite above the common. I can't bear to think of what may happen to them, going along all by themselves in this way. Why, even beggar children have always parents or some one to look after them. To think of them having come out all safe from those gipsies! The wonder is they didn't steal their money or do them a mischief of some kind."

"Sir Henry won't be acting like himself if he don't give them a helping hand," said the butler. "If he finds their tale is true he won't let them walk all the way to London, you may be sure. A kinder gentleman than Sir Harry doesn't live, and he's specially partial to children."

At that moment a message came from the baronet himself, to say that he wished to see the two children who had been found in the moss-house. Mrs. Milworth went to fetch and conduct them to him herself. With newly-washed faces and nicely-brushed hair they looked, as she had remarked of them, "quite above the common." The housekeeper led them through some long passages to a large red door. Pushing that door open, they found themselves in a very large apartment containing sofas and easy-chairs in abundance. Beautiful marble statues stood in the corners, and pictures in massive gilt frames hung on the walls. Lovely exotic flowers bloomed on stands in various parts of the room. Phil and Susie felt as if they had been suddenly transported into fairy-land, and could not restrain a sudden burst of admiration, which attracted the notice of a young lady who was sitting in one of the easy-chairs reading. She was very prettily though simply dressed, and her manner was peculiarly winning as she came forward and asked if these were the little ones that her grandfather had mentioned at breakfast.

"Yes, Miss Mabel," said Mrs. Milworth. "Sir Henry has sent for them to his study."

The young lady was Sir Henry's grand-daughter, the child of his eldest son. Sir Henry was a widower, and his son had also lately lost his wife; so he and his daughter now lived at the Hall with Sir Henry. She took the children from Mrs. Milworth and led them to a door opening from the room they were in, and, tapping at it, was told by a voice within to enter.

Sir Henry sat at a table writing. He took off his spectacles and looked benevolently at the young couple, who stood hand in hand before him. He asked them a great deal about their life in Australia and the voyage home. Phil told him all about their mother's death, and the good baronet's eyes moistened as he listened, and tears fell outright from his young grand-daughter's, who had so lately lost her own beloved mother, though under such different circumstances; for she was still the pet and darling of both her father and grandfather, with a home of wealth and luxury, whilst these were orphans in every sense, without parents, or friends, or home of any sort. She crept up to her grandfather's side and whispered something in his ear.

"Wait, my dear Mabel—wait," he said in a low voice; and passing his arm round her, he continued to interrogate Phil.

"WHAT QUEER THING IS THIS?"

"And now," he said, after he had drawn from him all that had happened to them since their mother's death, and had looked at the letter written by her, commending her children to her cousin, for it was unsealed—"are you really intending to walk all the way to London? And have you remembered that your cousin may not be there, or able to keep you when you arrive?"

"But mother said she was sure God would find us a home," said Phil, "if we were good children and trusted in Him; and so Susie and I have tried to be good, and we pray to Him every day that He will take care of us and find us a home, and we feel sure He will."

"Yes, my boy, that He will, for He never fails those who trust Him. He will do it for your mother's sake, who committed you to His care, and He will do it for your own, because you believe that He is caring for you. He has assuredly watched over you all this time as a loving Father, and He has directed your steps here, I feel sure. It is not fit for you, however, to go on travelling all by yourselves without any protection, and without knowing for certain what will become of you when you get to London. But I will write to a friend of mine there, and I will ask him to make every possible enquiry about your cousin at Hampstead, and whether she still lives there. We will send her your mother's letter and tell her where you are, for you shall remain here for the present, till we get an answer to my letter; and if your cousin can receive you, I will see that you are taken safely to London, and given into her care."

Phil thanked Sir Henry in a way which was both simple and grateful. Mabel's face beamed with approval of her grandfather's plan, and she led them back to Mrs. Milworth's premises with a message from Sir Henry that he wished to speak to her.

The worthy baronet wanted to consult with her as to the best way of disposing of the young brother and sister for the present. Mrs. Milworth said she felt sure that they could be taken in by the gardener's wife at the upper lodge.

"She has but one little child," she said, "and has plenty of room; and I am sure she will be very kind to them. Indeed, who could help being so?" she added; "for a more sweet innocent pair of children I never saw, and they so friendless too, it quite makes one's heart ache."

"Well, Mrs. Milworth," said Sir Henry, "let us hope better times are in store for them—at all events, we will take care of them for the present. See if you can arrange for them as you propose, and I will write by to-day's post to London; I have taken down the cousin's address."

Mrs. Taylor, the gardener's wife, was very willing to receive Phil and Susie into her comfortable lodge, and was standing on the step of the door watching for them when they arrived, brought by Miss Mabel herself, who was so interested in them that she was anxious to commend them to Mrs. Taylor's kindness. That worthy, loquacious woman had a true mother's heart, and it warmed toward the little orphan strangers.

"Come in, come in, dears—you are right welcome, you are. Good morning, Miss Mabel; so you've brought them your own self. They are fortunate to have found their way to Sir Henry—the true Squire Bountiful, as every one knows."

"We know how kind you will be to them, Mrs. Taylor," said Mabel, "and are glad you can receive them for a few days."

"They shan't want for nothing, Miss Mabel. Won't you walk in?"

"Not now, thank you, Mrs. Taylor; I will come again soon." And Mabel went away, after saying some kind words to the children, who thought her almost an angel of beauty and goodness.

The time they spent in the lodge during the next few days was a very happy one. Mrs. Taylor made much of her young visitors, and was never tired of asking them questions about their gipsy life. Both brother and sister always spoke of the kindness they had met with from Syred and Zillah with gratitude and said how sorry they had been to part with Bela. Taylor, the gardener, took them to see gardens and hothouses, and showed them many flowers and plants they had never seen before. They were so quiet and well-behaved that they were allowed to roam about the grounds by themselves; and sometimes when doing so they met Miss Mabel and Sir Henry, who always talked to them kindly, and once took them in a boat on a sheet of water in the park.

At length the expected letter came from London. The friend to whom Sir Henry wrote informed him he had ascertained that Miss Susan Harmer had been dead a year, leaving no relatives in England. Her little property, consisting of about two hundred pounds, was bequeathed to her cousin, Mary Arnold, then living in Australia. Enquiries had been set on foot to find her, but without success hitherto. He added that of course if these children were Mary Arnold's the money became theirs.

Sir Henry sent for the young Arnolds, and told them the result of his enquiries. They naturally felt no grief for the death of a relative they had never known; but it was a real shock to Phil to find that the home he had felt so sure

of for Susie had been a castle in the air. He thought very little about himself, but his anxiety for his sister was that of a much older brother.

Then Sir Henry told them of their legacy, which sounded to Phil a large sum. "Please, sir," he at once said, "I should like Susie to have it all. If it will be enough to keep her till I am grown up, then I can support her."

"And what is to become of you till then, my boy?" asked Sir Henry, who was curious to see what was in his mind.

"I am eleven years old, sir: I shall be twelve in three months, and I am strong. I think I may perhaps be able to get a situation of some sort, and rise by degrees till I can get good wages. Then Susie and I can live together. Mother left her in my charge, and I promised I would try to do all I could for her."

"Right, my lad; and you *shall* do all you can, but you must be helped. The first thing we have to think about is where you are both to live. Now I have thought of a plan which will, I think do. very well if it can be carried out. We have a very good national school in the village, and the school-master and mistress have a comfortable house, which is larger than they require, as they have no family. Not long since they spoke to me of their wish to receive some one to board with them. I think they would be glad to take you and your sister as part of their family, and you could both attend the school regularly. If they consent to the plan, I will pay for your board and schooling, so that your two hundred pounds need not be touched. And as long as you are good children, you shall not want a friend in me."

Susie had been listening with intense interest, though in silence, to all that had passed. Now she suddenly exclaimed—"Why, Phil, it has all come true! The home mother said God would find for us *has* really come at last!"

"Yes, my little girl," said Sir Henry—"God's promises always *do* come true. Remember this all your life, and that they who put their trust in Him shall never want any good thing."

We have only a few more words to add, and these are respecting Bela, the gipsy-boy. Sir Henry's benevolence was aroused by what he heard of this lad from Phil; and having occasion to go to Bristol the following winter, he sought out Mr. Oldham, and made enquiries about Bela, which convinced him that he was worthy of better things than the following his father's trade as a basket-maker and tinker. He sent for him, was struck with his intelligence, and, much to his own and his mother's delight, offered to get him into a school where he might, by diligence and perseverance, make his own way in life. Nor did he disappoint his kind patron, for he soon became one of the most promising scholars in the institution.

Phil and Bela are now almost grown into manhood. Bela retains all his old love for natural history, and Sir Henry intends to get him a situation in a museum, where he will be quite in his element and able to prosecute his favorite studies. Phil is in the office of Sir Henry's agent, who is getting into years and requires help.

Susie has been training to become a school-mistress for a good school on Sir Henry's estate. There is a very pretty school-house rearing its head not far from the park gates, which is to be the residence of Susie and her brother Phil, who still cling to each other with all their early affection, and are unceasingly grateful to God for the home to which He has guided them.

THE END.

THE LAST TOKEN.

ROME, A. D. 107.

The above engraving is from a picture by Gabriel Max, one of the greatest living German artists, and whom our readers will remember from his painting of "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which was exhibited about a year ago in the Art Gallery in Montreal. The picture shows a young girl, a Christian martyr, who in the year 107, A.D., was thrown into the arena of the Coliseum at Rome to be devoured by wild beasts. Just as the lions are let loose, and as they pause before rushing upon her, some one in the crowd above drops a flower at her feet, and she, forgetting for the moment the savage animals around her, looks up to see who has done it, wondering who in all that heathen throng has had the courage to show any pity for her. The following poem on the subject is by Edmund Clarence Stedman in *Scribner's Magazine*:

Help me to bear it, Christ!—I know,
  This hour, what their fury made Thee bear!
Now, now, I feel what a cruel throe
  Was thine, when they mocked thee dying there,
And the merciless slayers howled below.

Could they have given such a roar
  As shakes the walls of this fearful place?
Ay, even the wild beasts crouch before
  The sound, and tear me not, for a space—
'Tis but for a moment's space, no more.

Hadst thou not, Jesus, in the throng,
  Some one to pity thee? Drew not nigh
One, one who yearned for thee, and was strong
  To look on thy face and help thee die?
Not one, to lessen that speechless wrong?

Thanks! thanks! dear Lord, who hast heard my call,
  Who hast remembered me! Thanks for one
Whose true, brave hand at my feet lets fall
  A rose!—Could I look long years on the sun,
This precious rose would be worth them all!

O fierce ones, cease to gnash your fangs,
  An instant, while I meet his look!
Though the beaten cymbal louder clangs,
  Let me see the face of one that can brook,
For love, the sight of my body's pangs.

Oh, might I win, come life or death,
  His soul to seek me in Paradise!
Ye dreadful creatures, I feel your breath,
  I see the roll of your angry eyes;—
"Yea, though I walk"—the Scripture saith.

Ye shall not stir, till I clutch yon rose
  And hold it against my dying heart!
Its one last prayer he sees—he knows.
  Now, lions, hasten! fulfil your part!—
Before my closed eyes Heaven glows!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"WHAT QUEER THING IS THIS?"

There were three little pups, Tip, Nip, and Grip. They had not seen much of the world, and so, one day when a tortoise came in sight, they did not know what to make of it.

Grip barked, and I think, if we could have understood dog-language, we should have heard him say, "Look here, boys, and tell me, if you can, what queer thing this is?"

Tip and Nip ran out of their kennel, and at first were dumb with wonder. What could it be? It had a head, and it could move along the ground; but where were its legs? And where was its tail? And what did it have on its back?

Tip put out his paw, as if to strike the queer thing, but Nip, who was a coward, kept in a safe place, behind Tip, and said by his faint little bark, "Oh, don't touch it! It may bite, you know." And Tip did not dare to touch it.

Grip looked very fiercely at the strange object, and showed all the teeth that he had; but the strange object did not seem to be a bit afraid. If it had only run away, all three of the pups would have run after it; but it came slowly on, and, as it drew nearer, Tip, Nip and Grip were all panic-stricken, and ran back into the kennel.

By and by they ventured out again; and Grip put out his paw to touch the head of the "queer thing," when, all of a sudden, the head was gone.

This was too much for Grip, Tip and Nip. They all ran howling into the kennel, and did not come out again till no trace of the "queer thing" could be seen. And yet it was but a tortoise, and could not have hurt them; nor could they have hurt *it*.—*Nursery*.

MR. HERMAN JUNGER, of Lawrence, Mass, who lost an only daughter recently, owned a fine, large Newfoundland dog of unusual sagacity, a great favorite with the entire family, but the particular pet of the young lady mentioned. Shortly after the funeral Mr. Junger noticed peculiar actions by the animal, which insisted on visiting different rooms in the house, after which he would seemingly appeal to those present for sympathy, and, receiving a caress, would go to the street and howl dismally. This the dog continued to do daily, scarcely eating or sleeping, for some days, when he was found dead in the yard.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

The Family Circle.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

ST. MARK XIV. 8.

In Simon's house the Master sat at meat;
Then Mary took a box of spikenard rare
And brake it on His head, and wiped His feet
With the soft splendor of her trailing hair;
And lo! the wafting of the ointment spilled
With costly fragrance all the dwelling filled.

Then some there were that murmured at her sore:
"Why was the ointment squandered all for naught?"
But Jesus bade them trouble her no more:
"This is a good work that her hand hath wrought;
Her precious 'nard aforetime did she bring
To grace my body for the burying.

"Yea, what she could she did. Beneath the sun,
Wherever men shall preach this word of Mine,
There also shall this thing that she hath done
Be told for her memorial and sign."
So spake the Lord of her, by men withstood,
Who gave, in trustful love, what gift she could.

Mary, thine ointment poured upon His head,
Mute homage of thy loving, longing soul,
Only throughout the house its odor shed;
Thy deed is wafted forth from pole to pole,
Through the long lapse of never-ending years
A holy perfume in disciples' ears.

And lowly souls henceforth shall courage take,
Recalling thy memorial fond and sweet;
Though poor their service for the Master's sake,
Yet bold to lay it at His blessed feet,
Trusting to hear Him say, "O servants good,
Ye, too, have done for Me what thing ye could."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE WRONG PROMISE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Well! At last Christmas has really come!"

"Oh, Kitty! Have you seen Santa Claus?" asked six-year-old Nell, thinking, from her sister's tone, that she certainly had let the children's saint in at the front door.

"Not exactly; but he has sent something—a big——"

"A tree! a tree!" screamed both Nell and George.

"Yes, a tree, and now all that's left is for mother to dress it, and I'm to help her."

As Katy pronounced these last words, she seemed to grow taller before the children. They stared with wonder, and she bore her honors anything but meekly, looking provokingly self-satisfied and with an "I'm-so-much-bigger-than-you" air that George, who was nearly nine, "only wished she were a boy so's he could thrash her."

"Yes, I'm to help! That is, if you look after Jenny and the baby" (George at once resolved that Baby should have a trying time); "and if you both will be very good and keep the little ones amused, I'll——"

Kate paused.

"What'll you do?" asked Nell, eagerly, while George mentally held the baby balanced between a state of rapture and one of anguish. Kate looked cautiously around.

"I'll let you two see the tree to-night!"

To tell the truth, this was a very sudden resolution of Kate. She could not think in an instant what to promise. Her pocket-money had all gone for card-board, worsteds, and the etceteras of Christmas work. Apples her great resource, had failed of late, and in her eager desire for a free time she made a promise which she knew was wrong. But, if wrong, it was very successful. Nell's face may have looked doubtful, but George, the great enemy of peace, was evidently gained over. Baby was sure to be whistled to and "jounced," instead of teased and tormented.

It was the custom in the Reade family to have the Christmas tree on Christmas morning, because then the little ones were bright and able to enjoy it fully. Besides, as Mrs. Reade argued, they then had the day before them for enjoying the presents, instead of having to go to bed in a state of excitement and impatience for the morning.

"Tate, mamma's doin' to bring'er baby down wight away!" said Jenny, marching in with her apron full of kittens. It was clear that the household was upset, or Jenny's kittens would not have been allowed in the sitting-room. The tree was to be in the nursery, and so, for that day, all the children were to stay down-stairs.

"Here, Kate," said Mrs. Reade, coming in with Baby in her arms, "here's the darling; get them all happy and contented, and then you may come upstairs."

It was wonderful what a sudden turn for Kindergarten pleasures, of the very simplest kind, George developed. He rolled balls about the room, and was so attractive that even Jenny forgot her pets and joined in the game. Kate slipped off, delighted with her success.

"That was a lucky thought," she said to herself, complacently, and then soon forgot promise, Baby, and all, in the delight of hanging cornucopias, climbing the step-ladder, and balancing the Christ-child on the very top of the tree.

As for the mother—like all mothers—she loved her children, if possible, a little more than ever, as she hung the presents which had been obtained through much self-denial and patience on her part. It was very delightful to sit down and look on, instead of doing all the work herself; and as Kate's eyes danced with pleasure while she hung up George's sled and Nell's new muff, never seeming to notice the utter lack of anything for herself, the mother felt as if this eldest daughter was the jewel of all.

"I haven't heard a quarrelsome word nor a scream," she said, after an hour or two of busy work. "Just step to the door, Katy, girl, and make sure all is right."

As Kate opened the door, a peal of merry laughter sounded from the room below.

"That's answer enough, isn't it, mother?"

"You must have bewitched them, Kate," said Mrs. Reade—"given them some of your own good temper, my dear little daughter."

Kate was tying on the oranges, and we all know how bothersome that part of the dressing must be; perhaps that was why her face flushed and she did not give her mother the grateful look which usually repaid Mrs. Reade for words of praise. But the mother did not miss the look; her thoughts had gone on to the other children, to the boy whose teasing ways gave her so much trouble, and Kate seemed so grown up and womanly that Mrs. Reade spoke out her thoughts, as if to an older friend.

"George is a trying boy; he vexes you often I know, Kate, and his father, too. Still we must have patience; almost all boys tease their sisters, and if only he is truthful and upright, doing no sly, deceitful things, I don't mind the teasing; he will learn a truer manliness by and by. The boy is kind-hearted, after all; but, Katy, I am so afraid lest George should learn to be—to be—not exactly upright and truthful!"

Mrs. Reade's tone was so anxious that Katy forgot her oranges for a moment, and, flinging herself at her mother's feet for a rest (perhaps, too, to take in the general effect of the tree from a little distance), said rather absently: "Oh, George is truthful enough; he despises lying."

"Yes; but have you noticed the difference between Nell and George? You remember about the citron-cake, don't you?"

"Yes, mother, but George owned that he had taken it."

"Yes; but Nell was so hurt that any one could think she would be so mean as to take a thing slyly. 'If I took it at all, I'd take it when you were looking, mother,' she said, and I believe the child spoke truly—she might disobey, but she never would tell, falsehood about it. She is the soul of honor."

What is the matter? Somehow the tree is not half so beautiful in Kate's eyes as it was. She tries to get up her interest again, and laughs and jokes, hailing Aunt Mary's entrance with delight, for she feels that she cannot bear any more of this confidential talk. Nell the soul of honor!

The startled, doubtful look in the child's face is explained. Kate is sure, now, that Nell will take no peep at the Christmas tree, and she is quite as sure that she herself will be mean and deceitful if she keeps her promise to George. Something must be done. A happy thought strikes her.

"Mother," she says, "the tree is all finished so early—won't you have it to-night, instead of to-morrow morning? The Tracys, and Campbells, and Manns all have theirs to-night."

"To-night! The tree to-night? Why, Kate, child, have you forgotten your Christmas-eve party, at Mary Mann's, which you have talked of for a month past? Besides, your father is kept so late at the store to-night, you know, that we couldn't keep the children up."

No, it was impossible; and Kate, to forget her anxiety and quiet her conscience, went down to the children. The moment she opened the door, George sprang up, saying, in a cautious undertone:

"Are you through? When are we to see?"

With her mother's words in her mind, the boy's tone was painful to Kate.

"We're all through," she said, with a poor attempt at dignity; "but, George (with sudden desperation, as she noted his eager expression), "can't I buy off from my promise?"

The boy scowled angrily. "I should think not! Here I've been playing nurse for two hours and more, besides keeping Jenny quiet! No; you promised and I must get a look, unless—" said George, always ready to seize an advantage, and feeling sure he was suggesting something impossible—"you'd give me your skates instead."

To his surprise Kate did not laugh at the idea—she neither accepted nor refused his offer. Baby, tired from his busy play, was dropping asleep, and in five minutes George had gone out to the street, Jenny had wandered into the kitchen, and only Nell and Kate were left in the room.

"You don't care to look, do you?" said Kate, feeling fairly ashamed to ask the sturdy little woman such a question.

"I wasn't going to," was the short reply.

"What does she think of me?" thought Kate, and, anxious to raise herself in Nell's eyes, she tried to explain matters.

"I really didn't think, Nell, how mean it was, and now I don't want to show George—it's bad for him—but I can't help it! Unless——"

Kate paused—the alternative was too dreadful. Kate's one ambition for the last year had been a pair of club-skates; though, as she often said, how she ever came to hope for them was strange, as she knew very well that her parents, with their limited means, could never spare the money for such extravagance. But, most unexpectedly, it happened that Kate's godmother, whom she never saw and who had never given her even a christening present, had suddenly awakened to a sense of what (in most cases) is expected of godmothers, and on Kate's birthday, which came in October, had sent five dollars to be spent on "something that would give the child pleasure." Kate overlooked the term "child" in her delight at owning the wherewithal for the coveted skates. They had been bought at once, and only twice since had the ice been strong enough for Kate to use them; but again and again she had put them on. George, too, had been allowed to prove that they fitted him quite as well as they fitted Kate. And now, either she must cheat and lead George astray, or give up those precious skates! She could not do it!

All this has taken time to tell, but Nell, as her sister paused, said quietly, as if it were a very easy matter:

"He said he'd take the skates instead."

Kate fairly writhed. So Nell had heard?

"I know; but, Nell—my skates!"

In was a tone that a mother might have used in speaking of parting from her child, and the distress was so deep that even Nell, who was not so warm-hearted or impulsive as Kate, felt sorry for her sister.

"I wish I could get you another pair. Oh, I'll tell you! I'll ask Santa Claus!"

Now it happened that so far Nell's little wants had all been within the compass of her parents' means, so, having received what she had asked for, she had most implicit faith in Santa Claus. Kate envied the little girl's faith—it would have made her sacrifice so much easier.

"Daughter," called her mother at this moment, "put on your things and take this note to the store, and wait for an answer."

Here was a respite. Delighted at the prospect of a walk down Broadway, the girl hurried off. She grew so interested in the Christmas show-windows, besides meeting two or three of her school friends whose chat diverted her mind, that by the time she reached the store she had quite forgotten George and her promise, and felt quite cheerful and bright again. She stepped up to her father, who, instead of looking bright and cheerful, was standing talking hurriedly to some gentlemen, and appeared to have just heard bad news.

"Ah, Katy! Dear, dear!" he said, in an excited tone. "I shall have to tell your mother, child! Sam Barker has just been discovered cheating—he has robbed his employers, little by little. I hardly could feel worse if it were one of you. Oh, Katy, my girl," and her father's voice was strangely solemn and impressive, "never cheat nor deceive, at any cost—at any cost."

The news, his word and looks, brought her trouble all back to Kate, but she saw it in a clearer light.

"George will see what I think of cheating, and perhaps he will learn a lesson as well as myself. I was a fool to make such a promise, but I'll give up my skates."

Back she went, and at the corner of the street George met her.

"Hurry up," he said. "There's a good chance now—mother's putting Jenny to bed, and we can slip up easily. Nell isn't going to look."

"Did she tell you why?"

The boy hung his head.

"She says it's mean. But you proposed it, so it can't be so very bad."

"It is mean, George, and bad; and oh, George, I'll give you my skates, only never, never deceive and rob your employers!"

Poor Kate's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she almost sobbed in the street, while George, blank with astonishment, stood staring at her. When he heard what Sam Barker, whom he had known so well, had done, it may be he appreciated his sister's feelings, in part, but he could not resist keeping Kate to her bargain, and so hurried her home to give him the skates.

On entering the house, Kate ran upstairs, full of indignation at George's intense selfishness, and yet happier than she had been all day.

"Here they are," she said, throwing upon the sitting-room table the pretty blue flannel bag which she had taken so much trouble to make.

George was ashamed to take them, but as she ran out of the room instantly, he lifted the bag from the table, and then hurried to his room to gloat over his treasures, and prepare the heels of his shoes. But as he polished his "beauties" he suddenly stopped and listened. Nell had been sent up to bed, and through the open door of the next room to his, George heard this strange little prayer:

"Please, Santa Claus, bring sister Kate a pair of club-skates. She feels awfully, Santa Claus, but she wants George to be a truly true boy. So give her the skates. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The boy held the skates, and thought. He was not inclined to smile at the idea of praying to Santa Claus, for he suddenly realized that it is from God that every good gift—small as well as great—comes. "And He is sending me presents—nice things, I'll be bound! How mean I must look to Him!"

The skates were shoved into the bag, wrapped in brown paper, and then, with a feeling somewhat like reverence, George wrote, in his best hand, "Katy, from Santa Claus."

* * * * *

The morning dawned clear and cold; no chance for sleds, but skates would be at a premium. The Reade family were all up betimes, you may be sure, and though the parents felt the shock of their young friend Barker's sin and disgrace, they let no sign of it mar the jollity of the Christmas proceedings. The children chattered at the breakfast table in joyful anticipation of the coming delights.

"There's a present on the tree that nobody knows of but me," said Nell.

Mother smiled at the notion, while George thought of a hidden bundle, with its string all ready to be tied to the tree, and felt wonderfully happy and important.

Kate was too sympathic and fond of the little ones to allow her own trouble to shadow her face, but it must be owned that one cor-

ner of her heart felt sore and empty. At last, all were gathered in the upper hall, and arranged before the two doors of the nursery so that, when they were flung open, all should "see first."

"Oh, how beautiful! How beautiful!"

Then in they rushed, and for at least five minutes the children danced and capered about the dazzling tree. Mrs. Reade saw George fasten something on, but thinking it was a present for his father or herself, said nothing.

Then came the stripping of the tree. What shouts of delight, as the little ones received just what they had asked of Santa Claus! But Nell, though delighted with her muff, and the new outfit which Kate had made for her doll, kept looking among the branches for some particular thing. At last, George managed to bring her around to where his parcel hung, and something in its shape made her say: "Oh, Katy! Here it is!"

Father and mother drew near as Kate opened the parcel bearing her name.

"A good joke!" laughed Papa. "Her own beloved skates re-presented!"

The look on Kate's face George never forgot, nor the hearty thanks when they had a quiet minute together.

"They're yours and mine, now, George," she said; and so they proved, the two skating in turns all winter, and loving each other more than ever from having seen a better side of each other's character. They each had learned a life-long lesson from that wrong promise.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE CRIPPLE GIRL.

BY IDA GLENWOOD, IN "ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN."

"Meta," cried Minnie Clifford, "I wish you could come out and have a frolic with Beppo and me; it's perfectly lovely!" And away she scampered, little thinking of the sore wounds her merry words had penetrated. Meta did not speak, but the head dropped wearily on the pillow, and big tears shut out the dying glories of that lovely spring day.

"'What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter,'" repeated the mother softly.

"Don't, mother! that can't mean me, for He didn't do it! it was myself! it was she! if—"

"Not a sparrow falls to the ground, my darling, unnoticed, or uncared for, and did He not notice, my child? The Father knows where we can serve Him best; can you not believe this, my child?"

The tender, sympathizing mother rolled the bed back into the corner, as she said, "I will get a light now, and my daughter will see how the gloom of despondency will flee before it."

"No, no, mother, not yet, come and sit down beside me, just as you are; I don't want you to see my face, while I tell you how wicked I am. Everything is wrong today! I have been thinking of one year ago, when Minnie Clifford and myself ran about the fields after arbutus blossoms to carry to our teacher, and how happy we were as we talked of what we were going to do when we became women; and then that terrible day, when the sun shone so bright, and the new grass and the fresh green leaves were so beautiful, that put an end to all my joy and made me what I am. If I had not disobeyed you, mother, and persisted in mounting Minnie's frolicsome pony, I should not be here. I did not obey you, as I knew I ought, and this is my punishment. How can I feel that He did it, and that it's all right?" And sob after sob fell on the ear of the stricken mother.

"My poor little lamb," she said at last, "the rod has fallen heavily; but 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' There is a 'needs be' for all these things. You are assured by this affliction that He loves you; and 'as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' If you knew to-night how gladly your only parent would take upon herself this great chastisement you could not but feel that Jesus, who died for you, must also pity you. If this be so will He not help you bear it? 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee.'"

"But, mother, who will sustain you? I was going to take care of you, and be good—I did mean to be good, mother; as father said, be a Christian, and meet him in heaven. You wouldn't have punished me so hard, mother, for disobeying you? O, how dreadful my thoughts are!"

"They are human, my child, and Christ, who was once human, can understand them. True, I would not have punished you so sorely, but remember I could look no farther into the future than that one transgression; while the Lord sees the whole life, and uses no more severity than is needed to bring His beloved home. Oh, believe that all is for the best, and you will see clearly that it is love that wounded my pet lamb. We will get a light now, my darling, and read; I think He has something for us in His Word, for He never leaves His little ones 'comfortless.'"

The fifteenth chapter of St. John was opened to. "Blessed words," said the mother, when it was finished. "How can we doubt the Lord's tender love?"

And from that humble home, the voice of supplication was wafted heavenward, and the Father listened and answered.

Ten years passed away, and again the spring days had come, and the golden sunshine lay in shimmering patches on the fresh green grass outside the humble cottage where Mrs. Gray and her daughter were still living. The large house on the hill, now, as ten years ago, caught the last rays of the setting sun, but it was lonely and desolate.

The petted child had many months before fled from her home with one whom her parents disapproved, and was now living a frivolous life in a distant city. No more could her ringing laugh come to the poor cripple, from the garden walks, where Beppo still wandered, old and neglected. Meta had wheeled her chair close to the window, where the light might fall upon her, for she held in her hand an open letter, which she was anxious to finish reading. She folded it at last, as she said, "How richly that pays for all the labor we have performed! A whole family made comfortable the entire winter and with such small cost!"

"Meta, my darling, one evening just ten years ago to-night, in the same room, you murmured at your chastenings, and thought it so hard that before twelve years old the happiness should all be taken out of your life!"

"Now, mother, like Paul, I can thank God for tribulation. Minnie Clifford was my envy on that sad night, and I believe I would have been willing at that time to have given up my hope of heaven, to have been able to run down the garden walk as she did. I thought it was cruel that I should be crippled and she allowed to go free. But now my heart knows no murmuring. I am glad to have been afflicted, for before I was chastened I went astray. I see it all now. Nothing less than what I have received would have answered the purpose. And, mother, the burden is not so very heavy now to carry, it has become so fitted to me that it seems a part of myself."

"It is the Father who has fitted it, my child, and has given you strength sufficient to bear it. And if in this life He scatters so many blessings among the thorns, what will He not give us in that which is to come?"

SUE'S NEW MOTIVE.

BY KATE SUMNER.

Sue Graham stood in the south kitchen door, pinning on her great calico apron, with a very disconsolate look on her usually sunny face. Grace Dennis, so pretty and dainty in her fresh cambric, drove by in her basket phaeton, with little crippled Bessie McAllister. The frown deepened on Sue's face, and she gave her apron-strings an impatient twitch. Then she turned hastily from the doorway to the hot kitchen. It seemed hotter than ever, as she remembered how cool and fresh it looked out of doors. And there were the breakfast dishes to be washed, rooms to be swept and put to rights, cake and pudding to be made, and dinner to be prepared. Sue turned back to the door again, her brown eyes overflowing.

"What is it, Susie dear?" asked her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Sue's woe-begone face; "what is it, dear?"

"Nothing much," responded Sue, trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearful one; "I'm so tired of all this, and discouraged," she said.

"Do you ever think of it as something your heavenly Father has given you to do for him, Sue?"

"Why, mother!" and Sue turned abruptly round. "You don't mean he cares or knows anything about all this work, do you?"

"Why not, dear? Doesn't he know when even a sparrow falls to the ground? 'Are ye not much better than they?' You are just where he put you and if you do the duties he has given you to do cheerfully and faithfully, even though they are small, I believe he sees and knows, and cares too, for the faithfulness of the service."

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thoughtful look on Sue's face now, in place of a frown.

"Perhaps!" she thought to herself, "perhaps I can serve Jesus just as truly as Grace Dennis. It isn't as pretty work, though," she thought, with a sigh, "it would be so nice to dress daintily and prettily, as Grace always does, and have leisure to do graceful deeds of kindness as she does; but if this is what he gives me, I'll try and do it the best I know how. And cheerfully too," she added, bravely. And then, without further delay, she went about the homely duties of the day. But how different they seemed to her, viewed in the new light. If she was doing them for him, they must be done with extra care. Every little nook and corner was thoroughly swept and dusted; there was a strong temptation to slight the out-of-the way places sometimes. Every dish was washed and wiped with utmost care, and never was cake lighter or nicer than Sue's that day.

"O mother, you don't know how much you helped me this morning!" said Sue that night.

"I think I do," answered her mother, "for I know what a difference it made in my life, when I first believed that He knew and cared not only about the great things of life but about the little, homely, every-day duties too. It is hard sometimes to accept His choice of work for us; but he knows best. If he wishes us to glorify him in home life and every-day service, let us do it as faithfully and cheerfully as though he asked some greater thing of us. 'Content to fill a little space if thou be glorified.' Can you say that, Sue?"

"I'll try to," she said softly, as she stooped for a good-night kiss.—*Church and Home.*

WHAT A MOTHER DID.

Some one who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark. "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four, a father, a mother and two sons, dwelt in a small house situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep, and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn-bread, milk and bean-porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys to do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet, every Sunday, the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL.D., President of Union College.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

But then, a man who has and accepts his mother's aid is more likely to "act well" his part than one who has it not, or having, refuses to accept it.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTIANS IN BUSINESS.

How to be a Christian in business is a question sometimes discussed in the prayer-meeting. It may be well to reflect that we are all Christians in business, if we are Christians at all; since we all sustain business relations with our neighbors. The question concerns not the commercial classes alone, but all the rest of us. The laborer, the mechanic, the teacher, the preacher, the professional man, are all exchanging their services for money or its equivalent; there is a business side to every man's life. The lady who goes a shopping is a Christian in business—or ought to be. The same virtues that we demand of the trader we ought ourselves to possess; truthfulness and honesty and promptness and courtesy are required of all Christians in their dealings with one another, whether they belong to the commercial class or not.—*S. S. Times.*

Question Corner.—No. 24.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

276. What happened to the people of Babylon and other places, whom the king of Assyria placed in Samaria instead of the children of Israel?
277. What did the king of Assyria do when he heard of the calamity?
278. Against what city was Jonah sent to prophesy?
279. What was Saul's first transgression after he had been made king?
280. Who was Joab?
281. Who was Abner?
282. What motive had Joab for killing Abner?
283. What rash oath did Saul take which imperilled the life of his son Jonathan?
284. How was Jonathan saved from being put to death according to this oath?
285. What warrior in a battle, although very thirsty, refused to drink the water that his men obtained for him, but poured it out unto the Lord?
286. In what city did this incident occur?
287. Against what nation were the Israelites at this time at war?
288. By what king was Solomon's temple destroyed?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

A king of Judah.
A book of the Bible.
A relative of Abraham.
A woman of Moab.
A kind of bread.
Grandfather of a king of Judah.
Son of Elishama.
The initials make the name of a man who wrote several books of the Bible.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

253. Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 13.
254. His troops were killed by the angel of the Lord in the night. 2 Kings xix. 35.
255. He was killed by his sons. 2 Kings xix. 37.
256. Jacob, 130 years. Gen. xlvii. 9.
257. One hundred and twenty years. Deut. xxxiv. 7.
258. Moses. Deut. xxxiv. 10.
259. Reuben, Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh.
260. Rahab. Josh. ii. 3.
261. To the Philistines. 1 Sam. xvii. 4.
262. He was taken there by his father by command of the angel of the Lord. Matt. ii. 13.
263. Until the death of Herod. Matt. ii. 15.
264. For fear of Archelaus who was reigning in Herod's stead. Matt. ii. 22.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Isaiah, Moses, Mary, Obed, Ruth, Timothy, Abraham, Lot, Ishmael, Thomas, Y. Initials Immortality.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 22.—A. Paterson, 10.

To No. 21.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Janie Patton, 12 ac; Sarah Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac; M. J. McMullan, 12 ac; Agnes McMullan, 12 ac; Janet Pattison, 12; Annie M. Pattison, 12; Sarah E Pattison, 12; A. Paterson, 12; Freeman H. Vickery, 11; Harry Conover, ac.

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.

Jan. 15, 1882.] [Mark 1:29-45.

POWER TO HEAL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 40-42.

29. And forthwith when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew with James and John.

30. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her.

31. And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

32. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils.

33. And all the city was gathered together at the door.

34. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

35. And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

36. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him.

37. And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee.

38. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth.

39. And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils.

40. And there came a leper to him beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

41. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean.

42. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.

43. And he straitly charged him, and forthwith sent him away;

44. And saith unto him, See thou say nothing to any man: but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

45. But he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places: and they came to him from every quarter.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am the LORD that healeth thee."—Ex. 15:26.

TOPIC.—Christ as a Healer.

LESSON PLAN.—I. AT SIMON'S HOUSE. 2. IN THE PLACE OF PRAYER. 3. THROUGHOUT GALILEE.

Time.—May, A.D. 28 Place.—Capernaum and its neighborhood.—Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. AT SIMON'S HOUSE.—(29-34.) THE HOUSE OF SIMON AND ANDREW.—We are told in John 1: 44 that Bethsaida was the city of Andrew and Peter. They had before this moved to Capernaum. V. 30. LAY SICK OF A FEVER.—From Luke we learn that her sickness was very severe. V. 31. BECAME.—observe how promptly he answered the prayer of those about her. So he is ever ready to hear our prayers. SHE MINISTERED UNTO THEM.—so complete was the cure that she who just before lay helpless now rose up and served them at the table. V. 32. ALL THE CITY.—the whole population was excited. V. 34. HE HEALED MANY.—both Matthew (8, 16) and Luke (4:40) say that ALL were healed. SUFFERED NOT THE DEVILS TO SPEAK.—Christ would not let devils testify for him.

II. IN THE PLACE OF PRAYER.—(35-38. V. 35. PRAYED.—like our Lord, we should make prayer the first duty of the day, do it before every other duty. V. 36. THEY THAT WERE WITH HIM.—Andrew, James and John. V. 37. ALL MEN SEEK FOR THEE.—Luke says (4:42), The people sought him, and came unto him, and stayed him, that he should not depart from them." For THEREFORE.—that is, to preach the gospel. This was his great work, and his power was not to be confined to Capernaum.

III. THROUGHOUT GALILEE.—(39-45.) V. 39. THROUGHOUT ALL GALILEE.—How long this first circuit tour, or what places he visited, we are not told. The rest of this lesson tells us of one of the many miracles he performed. V. 40. A LEPER.—leprosy was a loathsome and obstinate disease which turned the skin to a ghastly color like a corpse, and covered it with blotches and scabs. IF THOU WILT.—His prayer was earnest; his faith in the power of Jesus was strong; his humility was great; his only question was, Will the Lord use his power to heal? V. 41. TOUCHED HIM.—to do this was to be made unclean; but no touch could defile the Saviour. His touch carried with it certain cure. AND SAITH.—only two words were needed. I WILL, in the language used by Jesus, was one word, and BE THOU CLEAN was another. V. 42. IMMEDIATELY.—he knelt down a loathsome leper; he rose up a cleansed man. So one word from Jesus will cleanse us from sin. V. 44. SHOW THYSELF TO THE PRIEST.—the law required that one healed of leprosy should pass an examination before the priest and offer certain gifts. Lev. 14:2-32. A TESTIMONY UNTO THEM.—that the cleansing has really taken place.

TEACHINGS:

1. Jesus tenderly sympathizes with the sick and sorrowing.
2. Disease and death are under his control.
3. Sin is to the soul what leprosy is to the body.
4. Jesus alone can heal it.
5. He is both able and willing to cleanse us.
6. He will hear every one that calls upon him.
7. We should come to him promptly, penitently, believingly.

REMEMBER that Jesus is the great Physician of sin-sick souls. He has power to heal all our spiritual maladies. If we come to him as did the leper, with the same earnestness and faith, he will think for us the same healing word: "I will; be thou clean."

LESSON IV.

Jan. 22, 1882.] [Mark 2:1-17.

POWER TO FORGIVE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-12.

1. And again he entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house.

2. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them.

3. And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.

4. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.

5. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.

6. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts,

7. Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?

8. And immediately when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts?

9. Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and take up thy bed, and walk?

10. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy),

11. I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house.

12. And immediately he arose, took up his bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.

13. And he went forth again by the seaside; and all the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them.

14. And as he passed by, he saw Levi the son of Alpheus sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him.

15. And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples: for there were many, and they followed him.

16. And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?

17. When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—ISA. 43:25.

TOPIC.—Christ Forgiving Sin.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE SINNER BROUGHT. 2. THE SINNER FORGIVEN. 3. SINNERS CALLED.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 28 after his return from his first tour in Galilee. Levi's feast belongs to a later period. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE SINNER BROUGHT.—(1-4.) V. 1. IN THE HOUSE.—probably the house of Simon. V. 2. MANY WERE GATHERED TOGETHER.—Luke tells us (5:17), "There were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judæa, and Jerusalem." V. 3. PALSY.—a disease that made him entirely helpless. V. 4. UNCOVERED THE ROOF.—Eastern houses have outside stairs to the roof, which is low and flat. The tiles were easily removed. THE BED.—probably not a heavy mattress, but a quilted quilt.

II. THE SINNER FORGIVEN.—(5-12.) V. 5. THEIR FAITH.—Faith always pleases Jesus. V. 7. SPEAK BLASPHEMIES.—to claim to forgive sin is to claim to be equal with God, for he only can forgive. Such a claim, if unfounded, is blasphemy. V. 8. EASIER TO SAY.—they might think it easier to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," for no one can see whether they are forgiven or not. But to say, "Rise up and walk," the effect did not follow. V. 10. BUT THAT YE MAY KNOW.—I will do the thing that you can see, that you may know that I have power to do the thing you cannot see—viz., to forgive sin.

III. SINNERS CALLED.—(13-17.) V. 13. SEA-SIDE.—the Sea of Galilee. V. 14. LEVI.—the same as Matthew. RECEIPT OF CUSTOM.—he was an officer of the Roman government. It was his business to collect the taxes. HE AROSE.—obeyed at once. We should do the same. V. 15. IN HIS HOUSE.—so we should seek to have Jesus in our houses and at our feasts. V. 16. PHARISEES.—A sect of the Jews very strict in keeping the law of Moses, and claiming to be very holy. V. 17. THEY THAT ARE WHOLE.—sin is like sickness; Jesus is the Great Physician, and his place was among the sick. THE WHOLE were these Pharisees, who did not feel nor own their sinfulness. THE SICK were the publicans and sinners, who sought for pardon.

TEACHINGS:

1. Sin is like the palsy: it makes men helpless, inactive, dead to spiritual things.
2. We can do our friends no greater kindness than to bring them to Jesus.
3. Christ's power to heal is a proof of his power to forgive.
4. He is both able and willing to save the greatest of sinners.
5. When we are ready to obey Christ, he gives us strength to do it.

REMEMBER that you need the forgiving power of Christ. He is ready to say to you, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," if you will only come to him and ask him.

AN EFFORT FOR THE MESSENGER.

We hope that the readers of the MESSENGER will make a great effort to increase its prosperity this year and at once. Has it not been read with pleasure? Has it not done some good? Has not the cost been too small to notice in the year's expenses? Think of it; the MESSENGER that you have enjoyed for a whole year cost you but very little more than half a cent a week.

"AMY'S PROBATION;" or, Six Months at a Convent School," is a title of an interesting story which will be commenced in the next number of the MESSENGER. Our subscribers who wish to read the whole of this story should renew in time, so as not to miss any papers.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

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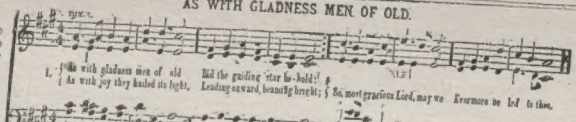
AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.


As with gladness men of old
As with joy they hailed its light,
Led the guiding star to behold;
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

The Guiding Star.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

—From Spiritual Songs.

CHRISTMAS.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of the MESSENGER. We hope to meet you all again with your friends on New Year's, and during the whole of 1882, and request your aid to this end. When at the Christmas and New Year's gatherings you meet your friends, pray remember the MESSENGER that all the year long has brought you information, instruction and healthy amusement, and endeavor to extend its influence. Once again, it may be for the last time, we wish you "a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

SHOVELLING SNOW.

What a glorious time our boys have sometimes shovelling snow and with what glee the fleecy shovelfuls are tossed and thrown around so as to leave a beautiful clear pathway. Now suppose any man were asked to shovel a pathway from Toronto to Montreal, or all the streets in either of those cities, hundreds of miles in length; it would be rather a difficult job to set him, would it not? We are afraid that the pathway would be melted before it was cleared by the shovel. But the morning after the snow falls, see what a host gather at the work. Gray-haired grandfathers, young men and children, all unite in clearing the streets, and what is the result? In about three hours the sidewalks are clear with the exception of the portions in front of the houses of lazy or incapable persons. Now, this is something the way with the MESSENGER. It would be a very difficult thing for any one person, however energetic, to bring this paper, although a favorite, to the notice of all the people in Canada and the United States who would be thankful for that service. But our nearly sixty thousand subscribers can do this without trouble. Think of it, if each subscriber to the MESSENGER spoke of it to ten persons, SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND would hear of it and most of them would spend thirty cents to get it for a year—thirty cents is but little more than half a cent a week. Where can so much instruction and amusement be obtained at so little cost. Then, once again we ask our readers to think of this and help us to send the MESSENGER to many more thousands of new subscribers this year.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Many readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will desire a weekly newspaper. We recommend the MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS. Send $1.10 to this office and with the paper you will receive a copy of "The Roll Call" or "Quatre Bras," as you may choose. These are two of the most popular pictures of the age, the former being in the possession of Her Majesty the Queen.

PLEASE RENEW

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.